Middlebury Register,

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The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXVII. MIDDLEBURY, VT., MAY 28, 1872. NO. 10.

Business Cards.

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Mouldings, Architraves,
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BOOK CASES,
Window Cornices, &c., &c.
We are also Wholesale Manufacturers of Coffins and Caskets.
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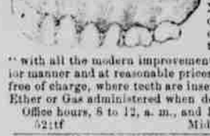
H. A. SMITH. J. LISTER.
Middlebury, June 19, 1874. 13;y1



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PRINCES PHAETONS,
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It regulates the bowels, quiets the nerves, acts directly on the secretive organs, and by its powerful tonic and restoring effects, produces healthy and vigorous action to the whole system.
JOHN Q. KELLOGG, 18 Platt street, N. Y. Sole agent for the United States. Price $1 Send for Circular. (9;w4)

AGENTS WANTED for "*Convent Life Unveiled*," by Edith O'Gorman, Escaped Nun. A brave, true book. One lady made $25 in a week. CONN. PUB. CO., Hartford, Conn. (8;4

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A Great Appetizer, Strengthener and Regulator of the Bilious, Nervous, Dyspeptic and Weak, and a preventive and cure of Headache.
From Calisaya Bark, Golden Seal, Wormwood, Valerian and others of the best Vegetable Medicines. Price one dollar. Every family should try it.
Geo. C. Goodwin & Co. Boston. John F. Henry, New York. Prepared with the same care and honor by the proprietor of
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SUPERPHOSPHATES.
I have for sale three of the most reliable superphosphates ever offered in this market, viz:
GREEN MOUNTAIN.—Manufactured at Burlington, under the direction of Prof. Peter Collier, by a new process. The most valuable ever offered anywhere.
RUSSELL COX'S.—Which analysis proves the most valuable of any ever offered before this season.
CUMBERLAND.—That Prof. Collier says is "a perfectly honest superphosphate, and worth what is asked for it."
These three are undoubtedly better than any others in market. In barrels, or 100 pound bags, or smaller quantities. ALBERT CHAPMAN.
Middlebury, May 14th, 1872.

The Wedding Guest.

BY MRS. W. W. THOMAS.

One summer morn serene,
Soft sunbeams trailed their golden garments o'er
You ivied church, within whose open door
A bridal train was seen.

Gay pealed the wedding bell,
Deep organ tones thrilled every listening arch,
Till at the hallowed shrine the well timed march
Into deep silence fell.

A hush of rev'rence stole
Each throbbing heart and waiting brow upon,
While angels bent to bless the sacred bond
First given to Eden souls.

As holily the prayer
Died on the ear intent, a pure white dove
With shining breast, and tender notes of love
Cleaving the still blue air,

Folded in rest its wing
Upon the altar, near the holy book
Whose wind stirred leaves from open easements took,
The fragrance soft airs bring.

With meek swift-glancing eye
Upon the gathered crowd, it lingered long,
Unmindful of the sunshine and the song
Under the arching sky,

But when the vow was said,
The joyous music o'er, the lightsome feet
Gone out to life with all its hopes so sweet,
Mid the deep silence shed,

It sailed on gladsome plume
To seek its native haunts of quiet peace
Then eyes locked out to see glad years increase
Without a shade of gloom.

FEMALE GAMBLERS AT THE GERMAN SPAS.—Baden, Homburg, Wiesbaden, and Ems have each their feminine noblesse from the leading nations of Europe. They compose, indeed, some of the best known habitues; can be met, while they are alive, in the Lichtenthal avenue, the Wilhelmstrasse, or on the Mahlberg-Kopf with as much certainty as the tailleur with his imperturbable face, frigidly polite manners, and perpetual "Faites votre jeu messieurs."

One of the most noted players of rank is the famous Countess Kisselef, whom all frequenters of Homburg must remember as a very large grayhaired woman hobbling about with a crutch, and often carried by her servants in an invalid-chair to the gaming-table, which she seldom quits. She must be seventy-five now, and has been reported dead, again and again. Her portly and crippled figure was conspicuous in the Cursaal last season, and will be again this, I am sure. She could hardly forego the pleasure of occupying her accustomed seat during the last gambling year, when she has for nearly a quarter of a century breathed the genial summer air of the Taunus Mountains. She is, or rather was, the wife of the former Russian minister to Rome, and all kinds of stories are told about her. She is said to have separated from her husband because he insisted that she should give him up or give up gaming, and she adhered to the latter as the more attractive of the two. The gossips declare that up to her fortieth year she was a beautiful basilisk of fascination, and her figure (who ever saw a very fat old woman that had not once been a model of lissome grace?) so slight and symmetrical that St. Petersburg and Moscow followed it with adoring eyes. (If this be so, it is only another corroboration of my æsthetic theory concerning the tendency of rank to awkwardness and avoirdupois.) The hour of beginning the game is almost invariably anticipated by the countess. She is at the table before the croupiers, and day and night, week days and Sunday, find her glued to her familiar chair. Roulette is her life, and her last words, as the ball of death goes round the circle of her being, will be, no doubt, "Le jeu est fait; rein ne va plus."

Her losses at Homburg are stated to have been enormous—not less during the twelve or thirteen years than eight or ten millions of florins. She has done much to improve the little town, has built many of its best houses, and opened a street, which is named in her honor. But all her property has been mortgaged, and it is questionable if she now has left, out of a colossal fortune, more than a modest independence. She no longer bets with her former audacity, staking rouleaux of napoleons upon a simple chance, but limits her mite to a few florins, in consequence of her comparatively straitened circumstances. To her more than to any other one person the Direction is indebted for the large dividends, averaging about twenty per centum per annum, which it pays to its stockholders, after deducting its very liberal expenses. All the tables at the springs are owned in this manner, though, as may be presumed, the companies are supremely close corporations, and the shares are no more purchasable than the correct biography of Prester John. As dividend-paying stocks they probably have no rivals in all Europe.

A lionne at Baden is the Princess Suvarrow, a Russian lady of distinction, who devotes herself almost as zealously to rouge-et-noir in the Conversationshaus as the Countess Kisselef does to roulette in the Cursaal. She must have been exceedingly pretty; indeed, she is very good-looking now, although full five-and-forty, if it be allowable to conjecture a woman's age, and she still has a fine presence and engaging manners. Always dressed richly—yellow silk, trimmed with black lace, is her favorite costume, setting off her brunette beauty to advantage—and having a really grand air, she draws the fire of many glances.

According to general report, she has played as sad havoc with the funds of the Baden bank as she has with the hearts of men all the way from Paris to St. Petersburg, from Constantinople to Antwerp. She is said to have won as much as her notorious country-womam has lost, and she bears the credit of having again and again exhausted the treasury of the tailleur.

Her reputation as a lucky player is diffused throughout the grand duchy, and she is often implored to make bets for others, as persons believed fortunate are apt to be. Full of bonhomie, she generally yields to persuasion, albeit she avers she has little leisure to look after other stakes than her own. She is deemed the best authority on systems in the entire valley of Oel-bach, and appears to have studied them to some purpose. I have been informed that she has thousands of the little pricked cards (having noted the course of the game for many years) carefully arranged in her archives according to date, and that she gives the late hours of the night to their diligent investigation. She must be a feminine Anastasius if all the *on dits* concerning her are to be trusted. She has been every thing and done every thing; speaks all languages; has traveled all over the world—is, in a word, a paragon of impudence and of enchantment, of folly and generosity, of wickedness and charity, of tenderness and temptation. She is a Greek, a Russian, an Italian, a Spaniard, and a Frenchwoman; the much-fathered daughter of a Grand Vizier, of the Pope of Rome, of the Emperor William, of a Russian admiral, of a Spanish grandee, and of a French general. Everybody at Baden knows something about her nobody else knows; and what each knows is altogether different from the general knowledge of this singular woman, who seems pleased with the mystery surrounding her, and nowise averse to deepening it by a continuation of eccentric courses and inexplicable vagaries.—JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE, in *Harper's Magazine for June*.

For the Register.

Failures.

Vicissitudes of many complexities, trials of many combinations, adversities and sorrows are silent followers in the train of failures. We are told "There is no such word as fail." But do we not have failures of pecuniary nature, failures of ambitious schemes, failures of purposes, intent on gaining a certain desire, and failures of a life time, making one sad ruin of that gift from our Creator life? Why will humanity forget the nobler instincts of life? Why allow to creep into the inner soul, the vile unworthy dictates that so destroy the better life? Why scatter the seed of evil thought and deed combining in the character the fruit, thereby making an impure unworthy image of what "might have been" a noble soul? 'Tis a sad, sad, word, that "might have been." Lifes phases are strangely colored with failures. They cast a dim cold light over all; the vital instincts of the mind are chilled by their icy and perhaps premature storms; and yet the very lack of energy of soul to crush the effect of the blast, proves still another to add to the list of failed. Life carefully reviewed, shows us many defects; it is made up of one thought, deed, precept, influence, and example after another, till our past is so much of our lifetime gone. What do we remember of good or evil? In the dim vista of the past, do we recall much of goodness of heart and richness of soul that has characterized our deeds? Or have we reared and fostered the selfish unprincipled vices of our evil nature and bad defiance to the little voice of our conscience, so silently, yet impressively whispering to our impetuous wayward heart "you are wrong?" Around the life of the past, lurks perhaps many a silent struggle with this a d that reverse. Poverty, hungry, devouring, greedy has brought its pinched and narrow discomforts to haunt the mind, and pride, haughty, defiant has fought many a battle with its foe, We murmur all this, and more, weary and pained by the sharp and stinging thorns, over which we have trodden, jostled and hurt from contact, with unsympathetic, harsh and rude associations, till we are embittered against life, and all the warmth of our genial nature is frozen. And life seems but "an empty dream," bringing and taking of joy and sorrow, dispensations, of which we can only accept—never govern. What then *is* true success? Why will worldly estimates count success by the weight of the golden coin? But suppose it to be the hoarding of wealth, and bartering away the soul in the speculative process of accumulation, the complete and entire surrendering of the better life—to this greed for gain; all the energies of mind exhausted to feed this avaricious desire, nothing is left for the development of the finer and nobler traits of the character. The soul is content to take from the destitute their last crumb or through some scheme to crowd their now well-stocked treasury with yet another income. Is this true success? Can there not be seen that sordid, unprincipled and unfailing nature that prompts the desire to grip and fasten around self's best interests, and motives regardless of the means employed? Can this make an element of a truly successful life? Our spiritual nature famished and thirsty has only been fed from a bitter cup; impulsive and hasty we dash the cup aside, embittered with stern reality and with daring indifference, walk deliberately in devious ways, prone to do wrong, human nature's better gentler traits are dwarfed and sensitive hearts are chilled till stern, bitter and harsh precepts are planted springing up with rapid growth, thus despoiling the character of all that is admirable and grand.

Far more glorious the success of life that conquers self. Who stretches forth a right arm of manly power, and has the nerve of steele to defend its loved ones with a daring will to do right, to live down the trivial offence of to-day, by daring to do a better work to-morrow. Opening the well-spring of the heart, and cultivating the virtues thereof, crushing out the evil adversaries even as did the Emperor Napoleon conclude war with the Austrian dynasty, holding aloft a costly vase presented him by the Sovereign of that nation, he says, "I will shiver their dynasty, as I now dash this vase in pieces at my feet. Would that the vices of our people might thus be shattered by some noble power. Can humanity never awaken to a sense of its own wants? Must our soul of higher thought ever slumber forgetful of its own requirement?

Will a day never come, when we may suddenly awaken to the great want within? and finally shall we bear the band of "failed" or the stamp of noble man and womanhood?

The weeping willow has a romantic history. The first scion was sent from Smyrna in a box of figs to Alexander Pope. Gen Clinton brought a shoot from Pope's tree to America, in the time of the Revolution, which, passing into the hands of John Parke Custis, was planted on his estate in Virginia, thus becoming the progenitor of the weeping willow in this country.

A remakable fatality has fallen upon the evergreens over a great part of the country during the past winter or spring. The young evergreens of various kinds have been killed to a fearful extent, either by severe frosts, or sudden thawing after the frost. The cause is still a matter of speculation, but the fact is one which is witnessed to a fearful extent. Some nurserymen have lost to the value of from ten to fifty thousand dollars worth, and others have suffered the loss of hedges and ornamental trees and shrubs.

Lee and Shepard.

There are in Boston but two firms, that are very extensive publishers of miscellaneous literature. Of the two, that of Lee & Shepard is the less known, which is one reason for making it the subject of a profitable newspaper article. There are other firms well worthy of special mention, some whose every book is meant to be fit for Sabbath reading. Others there are, who publish much, that we would consider theologically false, and some things absolutely poisonous to the imagination.

Lee & Shepard have not so costly ventures, as some others. If it be—as I conjecture—that they have not much money in Dean Alfords costly Testament; (Greek $30, English $16.) Sumner's works, of which four $3 volumes are now out, appears to be the greatest. Dalls Alaska ($7,50) would come next; it is perhaps the most important book of North American travel of this decade. Next to these I would mention, as of national importance Martyria, by Lieut. Col. A. C. Hamlin, nephew of the Vice-President. His examination of Andersonville will do more to perpetuate the infamy of Secession, than any other testimony I could conceive. Other special works are too numerous to mention. Their *sets* are numerous. One of these grapples with the family question, Why not? and Is it I? by Dr. Storer.* Serpents in the Doves nest; and Women's Rights, by Dr. Todd; Byford on Domestic Life; Fulton on Female Franchise. Rev. Ass Bullard has twelve small books for children, the Sunny Bank Stories. Rosa Abbott has six books, Sophie May about a dozen, Mrs. and Miss Samuels ten, and many others that I count in all 68 sets, mostly in boxes. Of these I will mention:

The Time Masters, 3 volumes; Mozart and Mendelssohn; Handel and Haydn; Bach and Beethoven, (the alliteration was accidental) were prepared under Dr. Tourjee's direction, weaving in musical criticism with six biographies. The information they contain can not be easily gathered any where else.

Rev. Elijah Kellog, a Congregationalist, has now out eleven volumes, mostly sea and shore stories of the coast of Maine, at the close of the last century. They are vigorous boy stories, healthy and instructive, and especially stimulative to manfulness.

But the writer for Lee & Shepard is Mr. William T. Adams, who has, unfortunately, it seems to me chosen for himself a poorer name, *Oliver Optic*. They publish his *Olirer Optic's Magazine*, an interesting juvenile monthly. They have published fifty-five of his volumes, mostly at $1.25 each, some at $1.50; twelve at .45. They too are highly spiced with adventure to suit a correct adult taste, but children devour them insatiably. I like his Young America Abroad the best: it contains travels in most of the countries of Europe. The travelers being a school of exceptionally ungovernable boys in vessels under strict naval discipline. As Mr. Adams has been twice abroad for materials, the success of these twelve volumes (16 mo.) is well deserved.

The newest set of Lee & Shepard is the Album Library; four elegant quartos, for very young children, at $1.75 each. The Children's Album has about 200 full page illustrations: the Children's Sunday Album more than 150. Off to Sea, has its illustrations colored; the other is the True Robinson Crusoe.

Now to all these, add English and Latin classics, French and Spanish books, various text books, a considerable selection of quite unexceptionable and six music books, and you have some idea of the publications of a Boston house of which some of your readers have been entirely ignorant. To these add the literary publications of the Appletons, and the costly and indispensable works of Lippincott, Gazeteer, Biographical Dictionary, Dispensatory, Chamber's Encyclopedia, and a general stock of books on sale from $450.00 downward, and you would think one such firm might suffice for a city.

A respectable Sabbath school library might be selected from these books; but from the labor of sorting them out, few of them are so used. I do not notice a single regular novel in their list, nor any thing theologically erroneous or exceptionable. This I could say of few miscellaneous houses, if of any other.

Yours, I. F. H.

*These relate to New England's impending curse. On this same subject are also two other works only, that I have seen. One is from the French with details so atrocious, and in execution so Frenchy, as to be unfit to be seen. I know not the name of book author or publisher. Conjugal Sins, by Prof. A. K. Gardner, of New York, is published by J. A. Redfield; it is a work that ought to be thoroughly studied by every couple that is about to enter on any scheme to outwit their Creator and defeat His first great command.

The Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

SCENES OF BEAUTY AND TERROR.

A letter from Naples, April 26, to the London *Telegraph*, furnishes some graphic description of the thrilling scenes witnessed during the recent eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, from which we extract as follows:

THE MOUNTAIN ROBED IN FLAME.

"For several nights before the new craters burst, the mountain was so enchanting in its robed of flame that Naples could not think of going to bed. Hour after hour until the return of daylight one and all of us lingered in the streets, or by the shore of the bay, drinking in the glory of a Vesuvian transfiguration. Few who witnessed it will ever forget the first of those nocturnal displays. When darkness fell on the night of the 23d the great cone seemed suddenly to festoon itself with wreaths of fire. From its summit three craters were playing simultaneously. Continuous clouds of luminous smoke ascended in the star-lit sky. On their wings they bore solid masses of scoriæ, which, after rising to a considerable distance, either fell back into the crater or were thrown over the side of the cone into the streams of lava which were flowing down the mountain. The moon, as if jealous of a terrestial rival, shone with such brilliancy as only southern heavens are favored with. The three craters emulated it in the steadiness of their illumination. From hour to hour the scene maintained an unchanging grandeur until toward sunrise, when it effaced itself almost as abruptly as it had appeared."

AN INTERLUDE.

"Next night the cone did not fulfill our eager anticipations. Two or three craters failed to take part in the salamandrine spectacle, but the third belched and flashed and smoked with a triple energy.

On the third night the spectacle had further diminished in brilliance, but those who were not absorbed in spectacular enjoyment could discern indications of increased volcanic energy. All through this ill-fated night the predominates of a catastrophe followed hard upon each other. Yet of what did happen no one could have had the slighest warning. It was an incident unprecedented in the treacherous, capricious history of Vesuvius."

THE YAWNING EARTH.

"As day was dawning, a fearful horror occurred on the side of the mountain next the city. Of late years access to Vesuvius has been greatly facilitated by the short railway which skirts the bay and connects Naples with Castelamare, a town at the opposite corner. Resina, a favorite point for making the ascent from, enjoys the most exciting distinction of lying in the line of a great current of lava. Thousand of visitors have ascended the hill nightly from Resina, driving up as far as to the Observatory, and then walking to the bed of last year's lava. On Friday morning many such excursion parties were assembled directly under the cone. They had begun to disperse with the first indications of sunrise, but hundreds still lingered on the spot. Without a single movement to warn them, the earth opened under foot, and the dead lava which the had been treading upon as a curiosity, turned again to molten fire. Those who were not engulfed in the chasm as it burst forth attempted to flee for their lives. Happily the fleet and sure of foot were many. They reached safety; but woe to whoever fell by the way! The earth they fell on was already at furnace-heat, and fresh waves of lava overtook them ere they could rise again. A few were miraculously delivered by noble efforts on the part of the strong-nerved men in the company. I have been told by a friend who was at the very edge of the chasm when it burst open, that the effect on the imagination was as though the whole mountain had begun to move from its basis. A carriage which happened to be inside this circle was burnt up in an instant, as if it had been spirited away Shortly before the eruption a lady was seen in it, but of her nothing whatever has been heard since.

CONSTERNATION IN NAPLES.

Throughtout Friday consternation reigned in Naples. The first touch of peril had prepared all minds to expect the worst. Vesuvius gave in various ways sufficient occasion for increased alarm. The booming and the rumbling of the underground artillery sounded as close as if it were beneath our feet. The flow of lava had increased, and two enormous streams were rolling toward the sea as if they would sweep away half a dozen villages in their course. Windows rattled, and the strongest houses trembled to their foundations. The smoke rising from the crater was now mingled with volumes of sulphurous vapor, and blackened by the ashes it carried in its furious ascent. There was far more danger in the scorne than in the lava; for they were confined to no channel. Scattering themselves wherever the prevailing winds carried them—which was, happily, not in the direction of Naples—they became firebrands for the destruction of houses, vineyards, forests and every form of combustible property.

On Friday night Naples was a degree lower in its descent toward abject terror. The Brouse had been closed all day. No one attempted to think of anything but the awful noises under foot and the conflagration which was spreading among the villages lying at the mercy of the volcano. Poor San Sebastiano was nearly reduced to ashes, and its twelve hundred inhabitants had to seek refuge nearer the coast, whither the lava and the ashes were fast following them."

THE VALLEY OF DEATH, a spot almost as terrible as the prophet's valley of dry bones, lies just north of the old Mormon road to California, a region 30 miles long by 30 broad, and surrounded, except at two points by inaccessible mountains. It is totally devoid of water and vegetation, and the shadow of bird or wild beast never darkens its white glaring sands. The Kansas Pacific railroad engineers discovered it, and also some papers which show the fate of the "lost Montgomery train," which came south from Salt Lake in 1850 guided by a Mormon. When near Death's valley some came to the conclusion that the Mormons knew nothing about the country, so they appointed one of their number a leader, and broke off from the party. The leader turned due west; so with the people and wagons and flocks he traveled three days, and then descended into the broad valley, whose treacherous mirage promised water. They reached the center, but only the white sand, bounded by scorching peaks, met their gaze. Around the valley they wandered, and one by one the men died, and the panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the hot sun. Then the children, crying for water, died at their mothers' breasts, and with swollen tongues and burning vitals the mothers followed. Wagon after wagon was abandoned, and strong men tottered, and raved and died. After a week's wandering, a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a rock in the mountain. It lasted but a short time, when all perished but two, who escaped out of the valley and followed the trail of their former companions. Eighty-seven families with hundreds of animals perished here, and now, after 22 years, the wagons stand still complete, the iron work and tires are bright, and the shriveled skeletons lie side by side.

"To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise." Wouldn't it be a good idea for some, at least, if the above sentiment is true, to cultivate the virtues it refers to by a disuse of the fearful habit of profanity?

When people come to high words they are pretty certain to use very low language.

Greeley's Acceptance.

NEW YORK, May 21.

OFFICIAL NOTICE OF THE NOMINATION.

CINCINNATI, May 3, 1872.

DEAR SIR:—The national convention of the Liberal Republicans of the United States have instructed the undersigned, president and vice-president and secretaries of the convention, to inform you that you have been nominated as the candidate of the Liberal Republicans for the Presidency of the United States. We also submit to you the address and resolutions unanimously adopted by the convention.

Be pleased to signify to us your acceptance of the platform and the nomination, and believe us very truly yours,

C. SCHURZ, President.
Geo. W. Julian, Vice President
W. E. McLean, J. G. Davidson, J. H. Rhodes, } Secretaries.
Hon. Horace Greeley, New York City,

MR. GREELEY'S REPLY.

NEW YORK, May 20.

GENTLEMEN:—I have chosen not to acknowledge your letter of the 3d inst., until I could learn how the work of your convention was received in all parts of our great country and judge whether that work was approved and ratified by the mass of their fellow citizens. Their response, from day to day, has reached me through telegrams, letters and the comments of journalists, independent of official patronage and indifferent to the smiles and frowns of power. The number and character of these demonstrations, unpurchased and unsolicited, satisfy me that the movement which found expression at Cincinnati has received the stamp of public approval and been hailed by a majority of our countrymen as a harbinger of a better day for the Republic. I do not misinterpret this approval, as especially complimentary to myself nor even to the chivalrous and justly esteemed gentlemen with whose name I thank your convention for associating mine. I receive and welcome it as a spontaneous and desired tribute to that admirable platform of principles, wherein your convention so tersely, so lucidly and so forcibly set forth, the conviction which impelled, and the purposes which guided its course. A platform which casting behind it the wreck and rubbish of worn out contentions and bygone feuds embodies in fit and few words the needs and aspiration of to-day.

Thousands stand ready to condemn your every act, hardly a syllable of criticism or cavil has been aimed at your platform, of which the substance may be fairly epitomized as follows:

First. All the political rights and franchises which have been acquired through our late bloody convulsion must and shall be guaranteed, maintained and enjoyed and respected evermore.

Second. All the political rights and franchises which have been lost through that convulsion should and must be promptly restored and re-established, so that there should be henceforth no proscribed and no disfranchised caste within the limits of our Union, whose long estranged people shall re-unite and fraternize upon the broad basis of universal amnesty, with impartial suffrage.

Third. That subject to our solemn constitutional obligation to maintain equal rights of all citizens, our policy should aim at local self government and not at centralization. That civil authority should be supreme over the military. That the writ of habeas corpus should be zealously upheld as the safeguard of personal freedom. That the individual citizen should enjoy the largest liberty consistent with the public order, and that there should be no federal subversion of the internal polity of the several States and municipalities, but that each shall be left free to enforce the rights and promote the well being of its inhabitants by such means as the judgment of its own people shall prescribe.

Fourth. There shall be a real and not merely a simulated reform in the civil service of the Republic, to which end it is indispensible that the chief dispenser of its vast official patronage, shall be shielded from the main temptation to use his power selfishly by a rule inexorably forbidding his re-election.

Fifth. That the raising of revenue, whether by tariff or otherwise, shall be recognized and treated as the people's immediate business, to be shaped and directed by them, through their representatives in Congress, whose action the President must neither overrule by his veto or attempt to dictate nor presume to punish by bestowing office only, on those who agree with him or withdrawing it from those who do not.

Sixth. That the public lands must be sacredly reserved for occupation, and acquisition by cultivators and not recklessly squandered on the projectors of railroads, for which our people have no present need, and the premature construction of which is annually plunging us into deeper and deeper abysses of foreign indebtedness.

Seventh. That the achievement of these grand purposes of universal beneficence is expected and sought at the hands of all who approve of them, irrespective of past affiliations.

Eighth. That the public faith must at all hazards be maintained and the national credit preserved.

Ninth. That the patriotic devotedness and inestimable services of our fellow citizens, who as soldiers or sailors upheld the flag and maintained the rights of the republic shall ever be gratefully remembered and honorably acquitted.

These propositions so ably and forcibly presented in the platform of your convention have already fixed the attention and commanded the assent of a large majority of our countrymen, who joyfully adopt them, as I do, as the basis of a true and beneficent national reconstruction, of a new departure from jealousies, strifes and hates, which have no longer adequate motives, or even a plausible pretext, into an atmosphere of peace, prosperity, and mutual good will.

In vain